

SPAWN



137



DIGITAL
EDITION

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TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

A THOUSAND CLOWNS

PART FOUR

DEDICATED TO
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SPAWN 136 SUMMARY

Nyx continues her desperate attempt to re-establish the connection with Spawn, when Mammon interrupts. Without revealing any details of his plans, Mammon plays on Nyx's emotions by showing the pain and anguish Thea is experiencing while in Hell. Still refusing to give in to his mental and physical pain, Spawn awakens to find himself free from the spiritual barriers of The Dead Zone. Determined to put a stop to the Clown's plans, he makes his way to the center ring of the Clown's newly formed Demented Circus. Spawn and the Violator face off once again, with a broken Spawn failing to overcome the Violator. As the Violator celebrates his victory, he plants a kiss on his defeated foe while all of Manhattan falls into darkness.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS

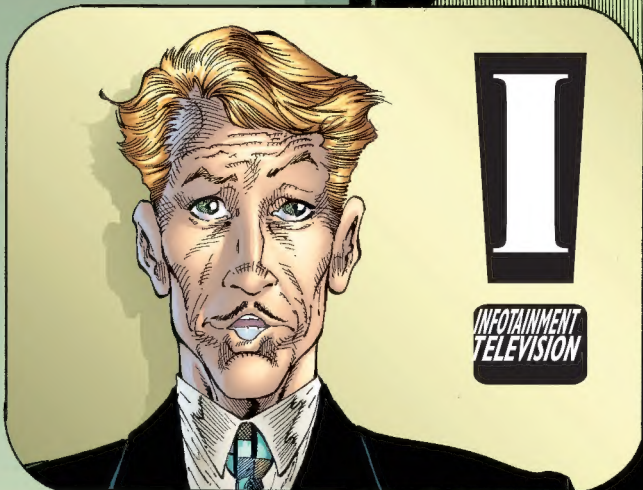


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...JUST JOINING US, A MASSIVE BLACKOUT HAS ENGULFED MANHATTAN. WHILE AUTHORITIES ARE AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE OUTAGE, A CITY SPOKESMAN SAID THEY ARE WORKING ON THE PROBLEM AND HOPE TO HAVE POWER RESTORED SOON. MEANWHILE, AUTHORITIES URGE CITIZENS TO REMAIN CALM AND TO STAY WHERE THEY ARE. ALL BRIDGES AND TUNNELS INTO THE BOROUGH ARE NOW CLOSED, SO IF YOU WERE HEADING INTO THE CITY TONIGHT, BETTER MAKE OTHER PLANS.



BROADWAY HAS GONE DARK, AS THEY SAY, AND SO HAS THE ENTIRE CITY, WHICH MEANS TONIGHT'S RED CARPET GALA FOR THE FILM EPIC "ACHILLES LAST STAND" WILL HAVE TO BE POSTPONED. SORRY, A-LISTERS, NO CELEBRITY GIFT BAGS FOR YOU TONIGHT. MEANWHILE, IN FASHION NEWS, WE'RE HEARING REPORTS OF ROVING GANGS OF HOOLIGANS DECKED OUT IN BLUE FACE PAINT...



OF COURSE, IF YOU ARE IN MANHATTAN YOU CAN'T SEE THIS. BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A LOT OF VIEWERS IN THE OUTER BOROUGH. SO MY QUESTION TO YOU, MY LOYAL AUDIENCE, IS THIS: HOW MUCH MORE CAN WE TAKE? THE FAT CATS AT CITY HALL KEEP SCREWING UP AND US REGULAR JOES HAVE TO LIVE WITH THE MESS. THEY CAN'T FILL THE POTHOLES, CAN'T PICK UP THE GARBAGE AND CAN'T KEEP THE SCUM OFF THE STREET. AND NOW, THEY CAN'T EVEN KEEP THE LIGHTS ON. SO, HOW LONG TILL WE SNAP?



"HOW LONG TILL THE ENTIRE CITY JUST COLLAPSES UNDER THE WEIGHT OF ITS OWN CHAOS?"




CHRIST, WHAT'S THAT HOWLING? IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S HAVING A WILDING CONVENTION.

HANG ON A SEC, TWITCH. YEAH, I'M STILL HERE. ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME? THE WHOLE FRIGGIN' CITY? WELL THAT'S JUST GREAT. HAS TO HAPPEN ON MY SHIFT.

THERE'S SOME KIND OF COMMOTION JUST AHEAD. WE'RE GOING TO CHECK IT OUT. GUESS IT DIDN'T TAKE THE LOOTERS LONG, DID IT?

WAIT. WHAT? KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR WHAT? I DIDN'T COPY THAT...

CLOWNS? WHAT? DID YOU SAY CLOWNS? AS IN DEE-DEE-DEEDLE-DEEDLE, BIG SHOES, FRIGHT-WIG, RIDING A UNICYCLE CLOWNS? UM, OKAY...



IT IS THE PAIN
THAT DRAGS
SPAWN OUT
OF THE SAFE
HARBOR OF
HIS SLUMBERS.

PAIN AND
HUMILIATION.

AND THE
ECHOES
OF A
MADMAN'S
CACKLE
RINGING
THROUGH
HIS HEAD.

"THAT WAS JUST
THE BEGINNING.
I HAVEN'T EVEN
BEGUN TO
BREAK YOU!"

WHAT COULD
HE HAVE MEANT
BY THAT?

NO TIME TO PONDER
NOW. IN THE DISTANCE
ARE THE SOUNDS OF
CHAOS. SCREAMS OF
TERROR AND PLEAS
FOR HELP.

A CITY CRIES
OUT IN FEAR,
LOST IN THE
DARKNESS...

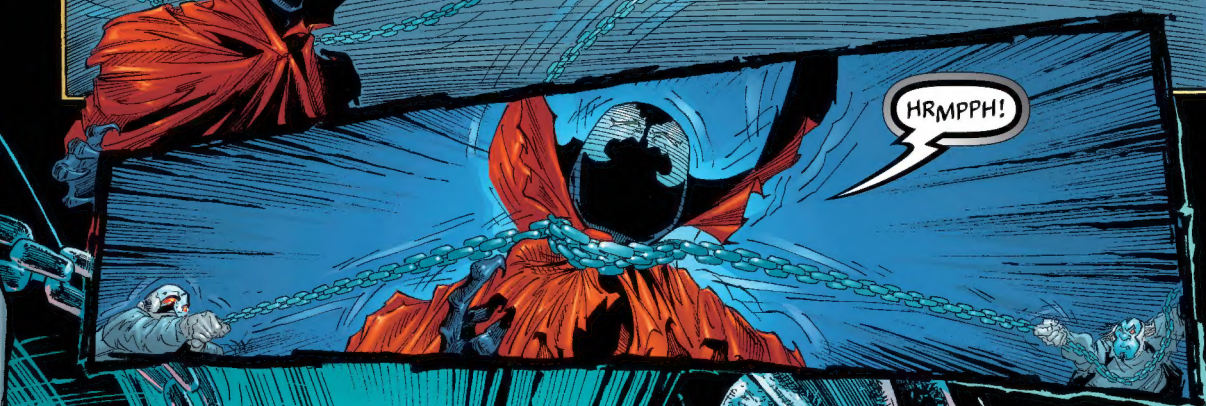
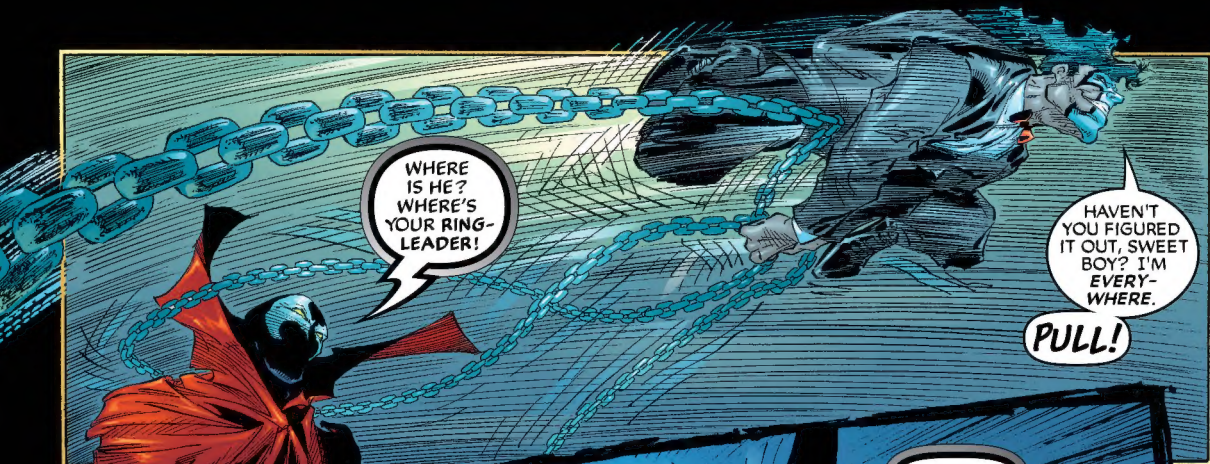
LEAVE THEM
ALONE.

ABSOLUTELY.

WE AIM
TO
PLEASE.

UM...
HANG IN
THERE, MISTER.
WE'RE GONNA
GO TO...
UH... GET
HELP...

UGH!





ZOMP!

NO.

SMAAK!

SLAAM!

NOT JUST YET.



HE'S BACK. I
CAN FEEL IT.
LIKE HE JUST
REAPPEARED
OUT OF
NOWHERE.

AND NOW
HE'S OUT
THERE IN THE
MIDDLE OF
WHATEVER
MADNESS IS
ENVELOPING
THE CITY.

HE NEEDS HELP.

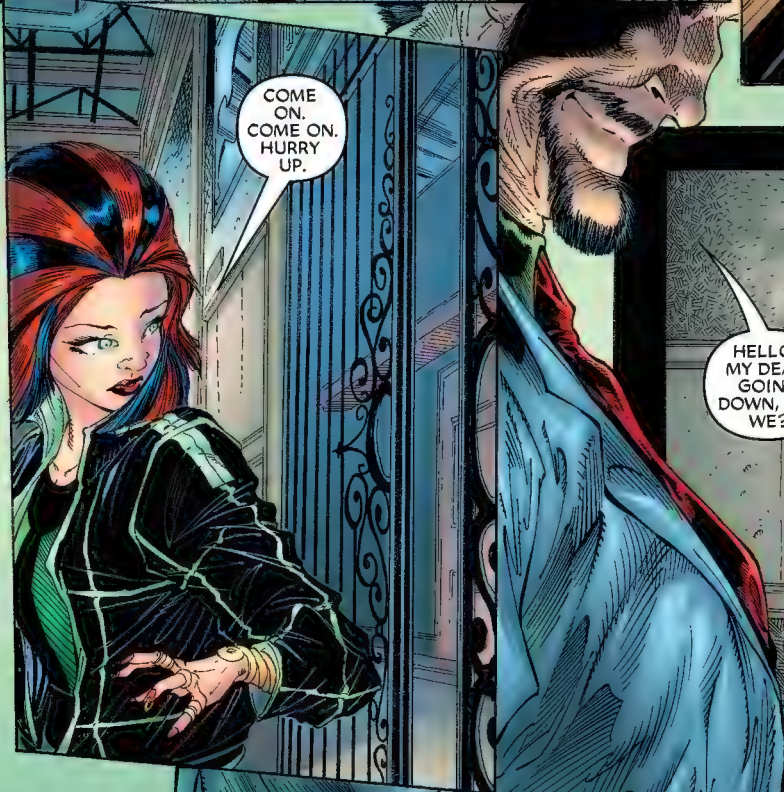


Ping!

WEIRD.
POWER'S OUT
BUT THE
ELEVATOR'S
RUNNING.

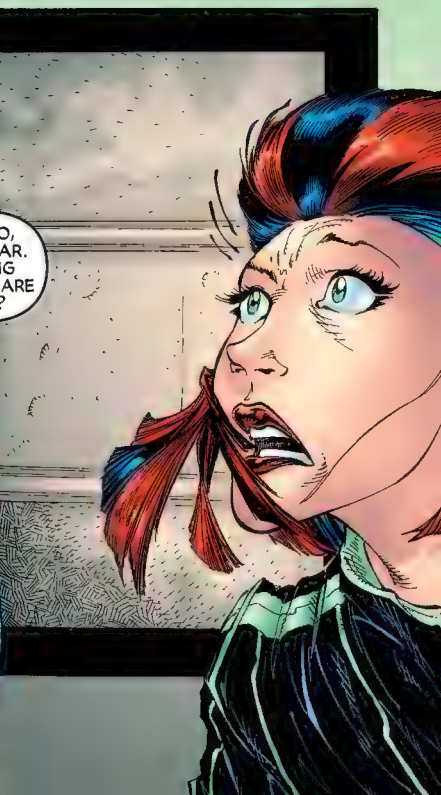


MUST BE AN
EMERGENCY BACKUP
OR SOMETHING.



COME
ON.
COME ON.
HURRY
UP.

HELLO,
MY DEAR.
GOING
DOWN, ARE
WE?



AND SO IT GOES.

A CHURNING
MAELSTROM
OF VIOLENCE.

A PERVERSE
CIRCUS OF
CRUELTY.
WICKEDNESS
PERPETRATED
FOR ITS OWN
SAKE.

SPITE AS
ENTERTAINMENT.

MALICE
AS
SPORT.

IT FEEDS
ON ITSELF,
GROWING
IN DEPTH
AND
DIMENSION.

THE MAD
PREY ON
THE SANE,
DRIVING
THEM TO A
FRENZIED
PANIC.

TRUST
DISSOLVES.
ANIMAL
INSTINCT
TAKES
OVER.

NEIGHBOR TURNS ON
NEIGHBOR, STRANGER
ON STRANGER.

AND ABOVE IT ALL,
A GLEEFUL CACKLE
REVERBERATES ACROSS
THE STONE CANYONS
OF MANHATTAN.





ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Oooh!
DOWN GOES
FRASIER!
DOWN GOES
FRASIER!

AND
THE
CROWD
GOES
WILD!

WOO-
HOOO!




PLEASE STAY
INSIDE YOUR
HOMES AND
REMAIN CALM!
SWAT TEAMS ARE
ON THEIR WAY.
ANY MOBS
GATHERING WILL
BE MET WITH
TEAR GAS!

GOOD
ONE, TWITCH.
THAT OUGHTA
SETTLE
'EM RIGHT
DOWN.



SO, WHAT
NOW? WE
JUST HEAD
BACK TO THE
PRECINCT?

WE'LL PULL
OVER IF WE SEE ANY
PARTICULARLY EGREGIOUS
VIOLATIONS. OTHER
THAN THAT, I DON'T THINK
THERE'S MUCH
WE CAN--

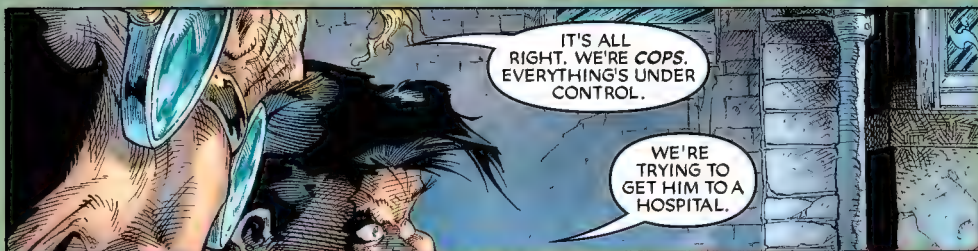
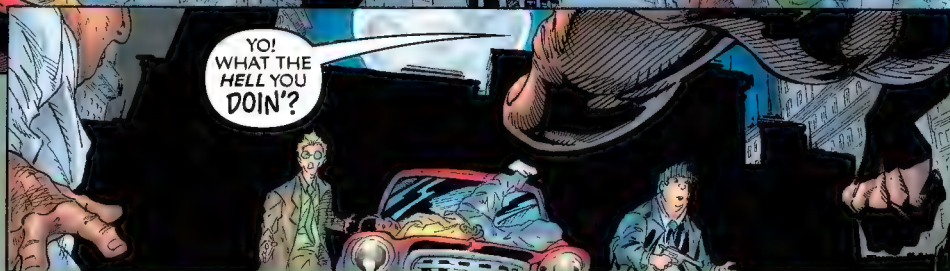
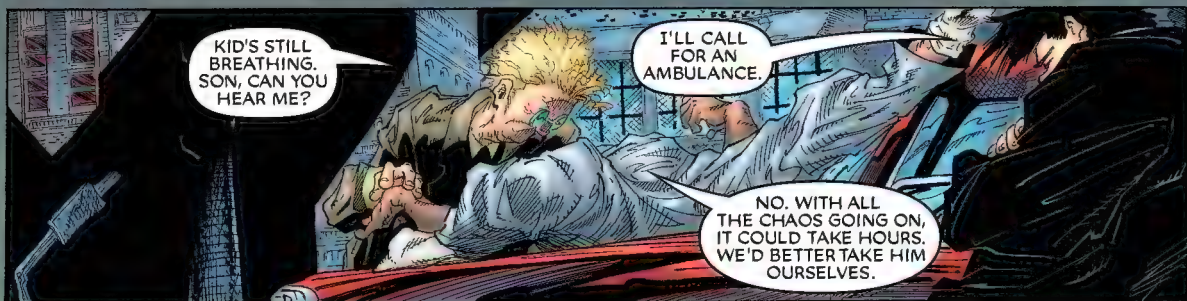



THUMP!

WHAT
THE
HELL.

HEY!
GET BACK
HERE YOU
MUTHA--

UP THERE!
ON THE
ROOFTOPS!

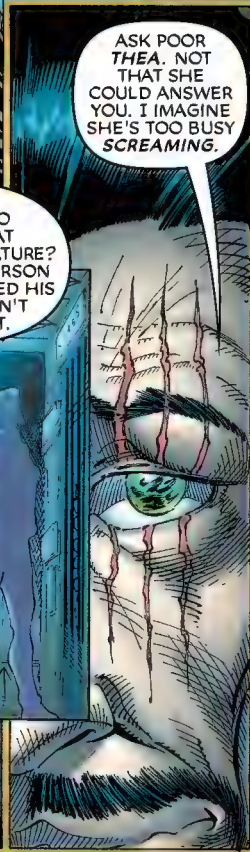





NOW,
NYX, I LIKE
TO THINK OF
MYSELF AS A
PATIENT MAN.
I'VE GIVEN YOU
PLENTY OF
TIME TO MULL
OVER MY
OFFER.

THE *SOUL*
OF YOUR POOR
WRETCHED FRIEND SET
FREE IN EXCHANGE FOR
THAT *POWER* YOU HAVE
LITERALLY WRAPPED
AROUND YOUR
FINGER.

WHAT KIND
OF LOYALTY DO
YOU OWE THAT
LOATHSOME CREATURE?
THERE'S NOT A PERSON
WHO EVER CROSSED HIS
PATH WHO DIDN'T
SUFFER FOR IT.

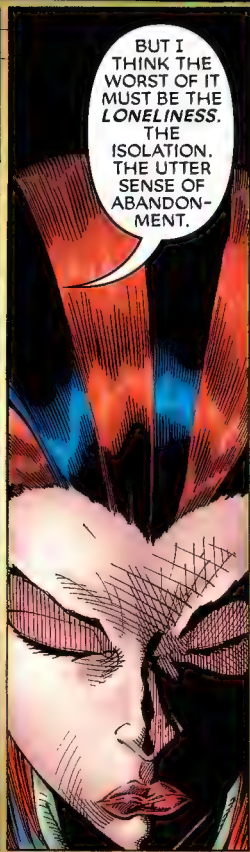


ASK POOR
THEA. NOT
THAT SHE
COULD ANSWER
YOU. I IMAGINE
SHE'S TOO BUSY
SCREAMING.

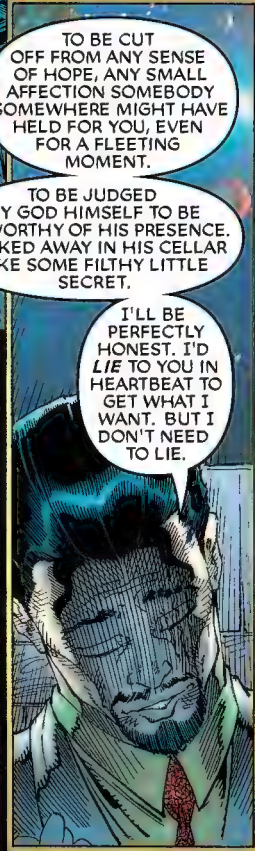


DID
YOU KNOW
IN HELL, YOUR
SCREAMS ARE
LIKE RAZOR
BLADES? THEY
LACERATE YOUR
OWN THROAT
AS YOU CRY
OUT.

THE
MORE YOU
SCREAM, THE
MORE IT HURTS.
THE MORE IT
HURTS, WELL...
YOU CAN
IMAGINE.



BUT I
THINK THE
WORST OF IT
MUST BE THE
LONELINESS.
THE
ISOLATION.
THE UTTER
SENSE OF
ABANDON-
MENT.



TO BE CUT
OFF FROM ANY SENSE
OF HOPE, ANY SMALL
AFFECTION SOMEBODY
SOMEWHERE MIGHT HAVE
HELD FOR YOU, EVEN
FOR A FLEETING
MOMENT.

TO BE JUDGED
BY GOD HIMSELF TO BE
UNWORTHY OF HIS PRESENCE.
LOCKED AWAY IN HIS CELLAR
LIKE SOME FILTHY LITTLE
SECRET.

I'LL BE
PERFECTLY
HONEST. I'D
LIE TO YOU IN
HEARTBEAT TO
GET WHAT I
WANT. BUT I
DON'T NEED
TO LIE.



THE
TRUTH IS
THE *SHARPEST*
KNIFE IN MY
CASE. AND DEEP
DOWN, I THINK
YOU KNOW
THAT.



TRUST ME,
NYX. I'M A
PROFESSIONAL.



AAA
A
HOOO
O!

DUH,
TELL ME
ABOUT THE
RABBITS,
GEORGE!

GET
BACK,
ASS-WIPE! I
SWEAR TO GOD
I'LL BLOW YOUR
BRAINS ALL
OVER TIMES
SQUARE.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, HANDSOME?
WHY SO GLUM?
AREN'T YOU ENJOYING
OUR EVENING'S
ENTERTAINMENT?

I'LL BE THE
FIRST TO ADMIT IT.
YOU'RE HOLDING UP
BETTER THAN I
EXPECTED. GOLD STAR
FOR SPAWNEE! BUT IT'S
STARTING TO SINK
IN, ISN'T IT?

SOMETIMES
YOU JUST HAVE TO
TAKE A STEP BACK
FROM THE CANVAS
AND LOOK AT THE
BIG PICTURE.

SEE IT
NOW?

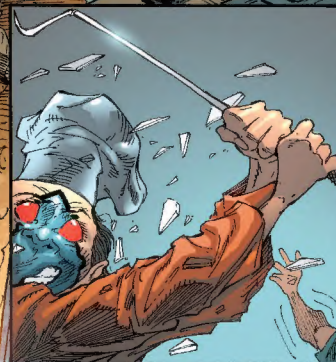
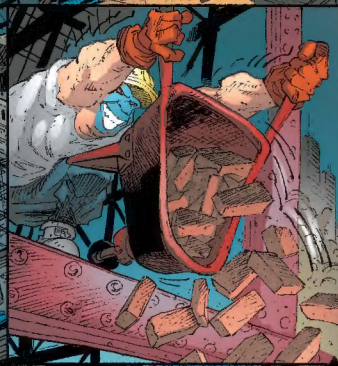
ALL
THE LITTLE
PIECES
FALLING
INTO
PLACE.

YOU'RE
TRAPPED
IN A CORNER.
NO MOVES
LEFT.

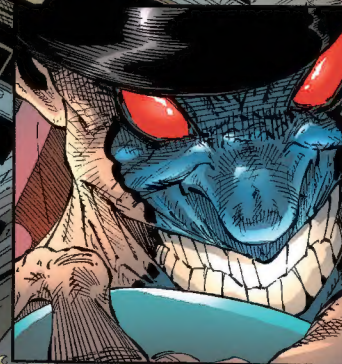
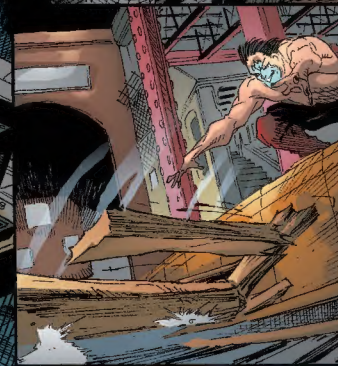
NO WAY
OF WINNING,
BUT YOU'VE
STILL GOTTA
PLAY OUT YOUR
HAND.



FUNNY THING ABOUT
HATRED. THE WAY
IT FEEDS ON ITSELF.
METASTASIZES LIKE
A CANCER.



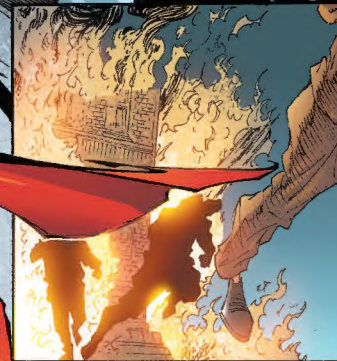
SO MANY PEOPLE IN NEED.
SO MANY INNOCENT VICTIMS,
YOU CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO
GET YOUR HEAD AROUND IT.



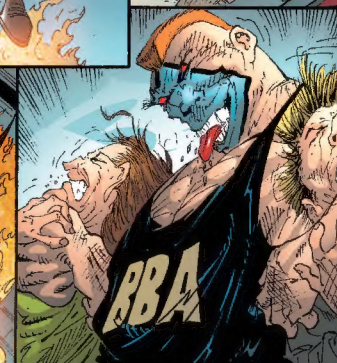
WHERE DO YOU
BEGIN? EVEN IF
YOU HAD THE
STRENGTH, EVEN
IF YOU WEREN'T
A SAD, BROKEN
SHELL OF YOUR
FORMER SELF,
THERE ARE JUST
TOO MANY OF
THEM.



YOU EVER SEEN RATS TRAPPED
INSIDE A BURNING BUILDING?
THE WAY THEY'LL RIP AND
TEAR EACH OTHER TO PIECES,
JUST FOR A SHOT OF GETTING
OUT ALIVE?



YOU CAN'T
SAVE
EVERYONE
CAN YOU?
SO WHO ARE
YOU GONNA
CHOOSE?



BETTER RUN ALONG,
HERO. THE CLOCK'S
TICKING. YOUR CITY
NEEDS YOU.







Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE